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second-sighted person or seer, and diviner, are not to be confounded, as is constantly done even in scientific books, even though several of these arts may sometimes be exercised by the same person.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CERTAIN IRISH SUPERSTITIONS. 1. *Monsters of the Lake.*—In the mountainous region which extends from the western limits of the county Cork throughout the most picturesque portions of Kerry, there are many deep and gloomy lakes, nestling under rugged cliffs, and removed from the noise of human activity. Such are the loughs along the Caha ranges, and the well-known Devil's Punch Bowl upon Mangerton. Many of these lakes are regarded with superstitious veneration, for in their depths is supposed to dwell a monster, shaped like a foal or calf, of great size. This creature is never visible in the daytime, but by night it sallies forth to feed upon the pasture by the shore. As a rule the herbage is stunted and of little value, but it sometimes happens that a meadow coaxed into being with infinite pains will be found to have suffered from nocturnal trespass.

On one occasion, when this had been the case, a poor farmer and his two sons determined at whatever risk to intercept the marauder. For this purpose they provided themselves with sticks, and concealed themselves beside the low stone wall that girt the little field. It was moonlight, and every object was distinctly visible. The lake was as clear as by day, and every ripple could be heard. The watchers had remained upon their post for some time, and were already growing drowsy. The party was about to depart, when their attention was attracted by a violent disturbance in the waters. They saw something rise to the surface and swiftly swim ashore. As it landed they could make out a curious four-footed animal, rather taller than a horse, which leaped over the low wall and entered the meadow. After watching for some time, their fears gave way to indignation. They held a whispered consultation, and then crept cautiously round in such way as to cut off its retreat toward the lake. When the creature had satisfied its hunger, it turned toward the water, and was confronted by the men. They advanced boldly, seeking to intimidate it with shouts, and flourishing their sticks. Presently, however, they shrank before the threatening aspect of the beast, which advanced on them in apparent fury, while sparks seemed to fly from its mane and tail. They instantly took flight, and never again ventured to interfere with the depredator.

2. *Fairy Gold.*—It is still common to meet with persons who get what they call a "warning" in a dream. They are advised to dig by night in some old "fort" or "rath" for the fairy gold which is always hidden in such places. It is a dangerous task, which the natural covetousness of the poor induces them to undertake. A year ago, the sister of a poor laborer returned from the United States. Before leaving America, she had twice dreamt of finding gold in a fort near her brother's cottage, and on the very night of her arrival the two repaired thither. They were unsuccessful, and

the brother refused to make any further attempt. The woman persuaded her cousin, an elderly, industrious, and most sensible man, to aid her, and the pair pursued their quest day and night, until they had completely undermined the rampart of the fort. In spite of ill-success, they continued their labors, which ended only by the sudden death of the cousin. The doctor gave heart disease as the cause; but according to the unanimous verdict of the neighbors, death resulted from the anger of the fairies, which had been aroused by their temerity in interfering with their possessions.

3. *The Phantom Coach*. — Of legends which appeal to the imagination, few compare in effect with that of the Phantom Coach. In my childhood I have often lain awake and trembled while I fancied that I heard the sound of its ghostly wheels. It was said to start at midnight from an old churchyard, where many generations of the dead lay sleeping, and, after calling at a ruined castle, to visit every burying-place in the neighborhood. I have been told that many belated wanderers have been met by the spectacle of a mourning coach with headless horses, while others have seen nothing, but been alarmed by the sound of wheels and hoofs. In Italy and Spain there is a belief in just such a ghostly hearse; and to the same class belong the headless steed of the Alhambra and horsemen who gallop about, as well in Andalusia as in Dunkerron, carrying their heads in their hands, or destitute of them. There is in Cumberland a family that for centuries has lived in the old seat. Whenever any of the race is about to die, a hearse with four horses is heard to drive before the house. It may not be audible to a member of the family, but some one, guest or servant, is sure to hear it.

4. *Supernatural Hounds as Death Omens*. — Dogs are still believed in Ireland to be affected by the approach of death, and this belief is not confined to the uneducated. Packs of supernatural hounds are heard to mourn the death of some stanch old sportsman, and I remember an account of such a case. A man had been spending the day at Newmarket, a little village in the county Cork. He had accomplished about half his journey, and was travelling at an easy pace, when his attention was roused by the cry of a pack of foxhounds. Fancying that he was mistaken, he paused to listen, and could plainly hear the sound as if from among the graves; his horse pricked up his ears, but manifested no further uneasiness beyond the natural inclination of an old hunter to take part in the chase. As he resumed his course he could at intervals hear the cry, which lasted until the pack apparently killed in the little wood of Lisdargan. On reaching home, he learned of the death of his uncle, which had taken place about a quarter of an hour before, and who had died quite unexpectedly, after raising himself in his bed, and in the act of cheering on a pack of hounds.

A few years ago, toward the end of August, after a day spent in shooting on the hills, I sat down to rest on the mountain side, in company with an old keeper who was a firm believer in ghosts and fairies, whom, in common with his neighbors, he preferred to mention as "the good people." After entertaining me with several marvellous anecdotes of the experiences

of his friends, favored ghost-seers, I asked him if he himself had ever seen anything supernatural. I give his story as nearly as possible in his own words: "T was of an evening, for all the world like this, that I went up the Sliggoh to drive hither a share of goats that I had, that were facing west into the Cummeens. I found the goats, and, as well became me, I turned them in atowards the cliff, when, the Lord save us! I heard a noise like the cry of hounds. What must this be? says I to myself; sure there is n't a hound in the barony, good or bad, these times, and who 'd be hunting in summer. Well, with that I hear the noise again; and where 'an I heard it first back west at Ballydaly, it was now seemingly coming down the hollow betwixt Shanacknuck and Ounaglure. The sun was fast setting, and I put my two hands to my eyes to shelter them from the blaze that was blinding me intirely. I waited so for a piece, and not one happort did I see, only the noise ever and always coming nearer and nearer. Of a sudden I thought there was something moving down on the inch at the bottom of Conny the law's land, and my dear, what was it but a man in a red coat, and he riding a big black horse in a full gallop! The man was waving his hand as he faced in for the big ditch bounding Jerry Looney's. He tuk it in one fly, and then he turned his horse and leaped the bareen, as your honor 'd lep the kippen I'm houlding in my hand. As he came along, I could hear the cry of the hounds plainer and plainer from all around him, but not a sketch of a dog could I see if you were to give me Ireland that minute. Well, to make a long story short, I was that frightened that I was, saving your presence, pouring out with the prosperation. But, any way, I could n't take my eyes off the man, and I watched him going like mad through the cornfield on the widow's farm. 'Whoever you are, you're done now, my man,' says I, 'for that horse of yours 'll never carry you safe over the wet montanes beside the river.' But man alive, he made nothing of them same! He went over them as if they were the driest field in the old master's place; and what's more, though your honor minds well what Colley's vein was like before 't was drained, I'm blessed this minute if he did n't ride it down where you'd hardly say there was footing for a snipe, let alone for a man on horseback! When he got well in towards the old bog road, what does he do, only wheel around as if he had a mind to cross the coast road and come up upon the mountain. 'It's mè he's after, sure enough,' thinks I, and I tried to get up, and let a screech out of me, but, if you'll believe me, I could only set where I was, so wake as the child in the mother's arms. 'If he crosses the road, I'm a dead man,' says I, and I raly believe if he had the life would have left me that very minute. Glory be to God, 't was a terrible time, and you may say I was thankful when he changed once more, and, driving over by the Dawheen's, went straight for Duhallow. Right opposite him now was the holy well of Tubberit. As he came nearer and nearer to the blessed place, I seen a wonderful change come over him. So far that horse of his was racing like the wind, with the head on him stretched out, pulling and dragging as if he'd make garters of the reins. The man, too, was sitting up straight, and 't was an admiration the way them dogs, for all I could n't see one bit of them, was giving tongue all through. But now, why, I could n't rightly

hear the hounds at all, and the horse seemed all as one dead beat. As to the man, — well, I never seen its aquil in all my born days; you'd say 't was the way he was drunk, or sick, or someways quare in himself, if 't was only the way he's rowl about and nearly tumble to the ground. They were just about three spades off the well, when the horse stepped dead up as if he was shot. What does my man do then, only seemingly try and coax him in every whole way he could. It was n't the laste good on earth. At last he up with his whip, and he hits him one clout. Man dear! it sounded for all the world like the blast out of a quarry; and that the two hands may stick to me if the sparks did n't fly out of his ribs like chaff out of a machine. 'T was then, you may say, he threw a lep into the air, and, as he rug up upon his hind legs, I thought every whole minute he'd be back upon his rider. When he had gone on that way for a good piece, without setting one foot nearer to the well, I heard quite plain the most elegant music in the whole wide world. It seemed louder than the strongest pipies, and all through there was a soft crawnawning, mostly like a fiddler, but a dale sweeter. And wherean before I was that dead out from the fright, I grew now boulder and boulder, till faith I did n't care so much as one happorth for ever a thing living or dead. Howsomever, I watched the man all through, and I won't belie him to your honor; whatever he was, he began to fade away, just as you'd see — the Lord between us and harm! — the fog melting away at sunrise from the mountain. Every whole minute I had harder work to see him, till when at last the music gave one long loud report, and he was gone! and if I put my two eyes on sticks, I could n't see or hear him, or his horse, or the music, for ever again."

Maurice McCarthy O'Leary.

DE SECON' FLOOD. STORY OF A NEGRO NURSE. — A correspondent sends a negro tale, calculated to illustrate the manner in which a trifling incident may receive mythologic expression and figure in a story. The narrative relates to a storm at Fortress Monroe, where the reciter lived, in a cottage opposite the engineers' quarters, locally known as "The Row," and situated directly on the beach. On stormy nights, as a great favor, she would relate her experience, to which she always gave the name of "De Secon' Flood," and related in the same words: "Hit happen on a Sat'day, dat flood did, soon in de mornin'. Tom cum to milk de cow, and fin' a mos' turrible state of affairs. Flower, she was de cow, was a stannin' in de wata', mos' ober her knees, an' dat afeard dat de po' critta' couldn' gib one drap ob milk. Tom was mos' as skeerd as de cow, when he see de shed a tremblin' like it gwine to fall. So he comed in de kitchen a hollerin' lek he los' his min', arter me: 'For de Lawd sek, mammy, git outen de baid, or you'll be drowned in de wata', hit's nigh up to de gret house, hit kibber de flo' down heah in de kitchen, de baf house is wash clean away, and seem like de cow shed is a gwine to gib away ebery blessed minit.' Si I jes gits outen de baid, an' trowed my close on dat quick dat I neber know tel long a'ter dey was on wrong side out. When I git down,